

Bull. Royally? Why, it contains no King?

Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King: King Richard lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Bull. Noble Lord,

Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:

Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kisse
King *Richard's* hand, and sends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Provided, that my Banishment repeald,
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted:

If not, Ile vse th' aduantage of my Power,
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench
The fresh Greene Lep of faire King *Richard's* Land,
My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.

Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine:

Let's march without the noyse of threatening Drum,
That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.

Me thinkes King *Richard* and my selfe should meet
With no lesse terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake

At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine

My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

Parle without, and answere within: then a Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroope, Salisbury.

See, see, King *Richard* doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Tork. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maieftie: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we stood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:

And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?

If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd vs from our Stewardship,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone

Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he doe prophane, steale, or vsurpe.

And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:

Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbeget,
That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
That euery stride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope
The purple Testament of bleeding Warres;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Pastors Grasse with faithfull English Blood.

North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill Armes
Be rush'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand,

And by the Honorable Tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your Royall Grandfathers Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)

And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope,

Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,

His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull seruice of your Maieftie:
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is iust,

And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Rich. *Northumberland*, say thus: The King returns,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands

Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious vterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends,
We doe debate our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,

To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the Traytor, and so die?

Ann. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment

On yond proud man, should take it off againe
With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,

Or that I could forget what I haue beene,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell't thou proud heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,
Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.

Ann. *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. What must the King doe now? must he submit?
The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: Must he loose
The Name of King? O Gods Name let it goe.

Ile giue my Jewels for a set of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,

My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of Care?

La. Madame, wee'll play at Bowles.

Qu. I will make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.

La. Madame, wee'll Dance.

Qu. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no measure keeps in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

La. Madame, wee'll tell Tales.

Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?

La. Of cyther, Madame.

Qu. Of neyther, Girle.

For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:

Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,

It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:

For what I haue, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madame, Ile sing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,

And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,

Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.

My wretchednesse, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,

They'll talke of State: for euery one doth so,

Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,

Which like vnruely Children, make their Syre

Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:

Giue some supportance to the bending twiggies.

Goe thou, and like an Executioner

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays;

That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:

All must be euen, in our Gouernment.

You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away

The noysome Weedes, that without profit sucke

The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,

Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,

Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?

When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,

Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp,

Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,

Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes

Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,

Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.

The Weedes that his broad-spreading Leauces did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him, to hold him vp,

Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:

I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, *Bushie Greene*.

Ser. What.

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.
Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet
May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilest I liue;
And buried once, why not vpon my Head?

Aumerle, thou weepest (my tender-hearted Cousin)
Wee'll make foule Weather with despised Teares:
Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.

Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them still vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,

Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes
Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see
It talke but idly, and you mock at mee.

Most mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What sayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maieftie
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue, till *Richard* die?

You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I.
North. My Lord, in the bafe Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of vnruely Iades,
In the bafe Court? bafe Court, where Kings grow bafe,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.

In the bafe Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls strike, where mousing Larks should sing.

Bull. What sayes his Maieftie?
North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maieftie.
My gracious Lord.

Rich. Faire Cousin,
You debase your Princely Knee,
To make the bafe Earth proud with kissing it,
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,

Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtresie.
Vp Cousin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine
owne.
Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and
all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deferue your loue.
Rich. Well you deferu'd:
They well deferue to haue,

That know the strong't, and surest way to get.
Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.

Set on towards London:
Cousin, is it so?

Bull. Yea, my good Lord.
Rich. Then I must not say, no.

Flourish. *Exeunt.*